{apparition poems #1473}

adam fieled

Passages that shudder between
blackness between legs between
what moves (taps head) between
us like this (taps head again) hints
she may not be the animal bride I'm
looking for (by this I mean seed carrier,
not the same as mother-for-kids, almost),
what's between what used to be between

us, what now is, is between her, others who
have more claim to be animal brides, but she's
here, that's the key, here now, actually, which may
be all that matters, if to matter is to lie back, legs
apart, between being, becoming, moving, removing
all barriers, fences, boundaries, expenses to move again.

{apparition poems #1497}

adam fieled

nothingness grows vast,
nothingness tastes sweet
only for ten seconds— of

this, depth without depth,
crass substitute for realms
of total glory she effaces

(once spilled milk cries)
like a chalk-stain on blue
jeans, a just-smoked joint.

{apparition poems #1339}

adam fieled

house with ivy
wooden door,
yellow kitchen,
clunky dresser
on which she displayed all
kinds of tricks, nights were
young, strong, climactic in
this place, sex,
green buds, all
this here, I'm a
kid, as a man, I
look at this, can't sense
much who I was, why I
ended this, if it is an end—

{apparition poems #1343}

adam fieled

This process of leaping
happens between lines,
like a fish that baits its
own hooks; heights, in
depth, depths of height,
all colliding in a mesh of
net cast only for a fish to
bring it down on itself, so
that others swim out past—
I don't mean myself in this.